Candied Fruits

By ARTHUR BINGHAM

When I started to practice medicine there was one admonition laid down by the gentleman who delivered the final address to our class when we were graduated that had greatly impressed me. It was this:

"Remember that mind has a great effect over matter. Therefore try to detract so far as possible from the terror your patients naturally have for you as practitioners. Above all things, preserve a cheerful exterior. The more hopeless a case appears to you the more hopeful appear to be, for by giving way to your anticipations you lessen the patient's chances for recovery, and you may be wrong in your prognosis. Do not force patients to take your remedies if it can possibly be avoided. Rather persuade them or banter them. Remedies taken against a patient's will are apt not to act as remedies. Better a prescription of something to divert the attention from the disease than fix it on that disease by unwelcome doses."

It seemed to me that there was a lot of common sense in this advice, and I cut it out of the printed address and pasted it within my writing desk in order that whenever I opened the desk I saw the injunction staring me in the face, so that it was impossible for me to forget it. I truly believe I would have built up a large practice by observing it had not that very observation of it on one occasion led to my leaving the profession.

I had been practicing but a short time when, returning to my office one day, I found a note from a stranger stating that a member of his family needed treatment, but was much averse to receiving a visit from a physician or taking remedies. He suggested that I call without the patient's knowing that I was a physician and studying the case without asking for symptoms after the stereotyped medical fashion.

This, owing to the rule I had laid down, was very easy for me. I went to the house, rang the bell and was admitted to the drawing room, where I was received by a very thin woman who did not appear to know my errand, so I told her of the note that had been left at my office. She seemed to be slow in understanding me—at any rate, for some reason, did not respond very freely, making vague remarks such as "Just so," "A doctor?" "I'll see," indicating that she had not been admitted to the confidence of the person who had asked me to call.

The lady went out of the room and, presently returning, asked me to walk upstairs. I did so and was ushered into a boudoir where sat a girl who but for a slight paleness did not appear in bad health. She was not even in dishabille; but, the older woman having left me with her, it was evident that she was the patient. I went in armed with my cheeriest smile, took the girl's hand as a matter of civility, thereby getting her pulse—it beat a trifle quicker than normal—sat down by her, said something to make her laugh and saw that her tongue was slightly coated. In this fashion I rattled on, telling her stories and interesting her until I had secured her confidence and a predisposition in my favor. Then I said abruptly:

"But you're not looking very well today."

Then she told me that her back was troubling her and she slept badly and mentioned symptoms that indicated to me a condition very common and for which there were a number of simple remedies. When I went away I told her that I would send her a box of candied fruit, a few of which I thought she would like every day. Then I left her to have some medicine I intended for her divided between half a dozen real candied fruits and sent them to her with my compliments.

I called again soon and asked the lady who had received me how she had managed to impose upon the young lady that I was not a doctor; that it was important that I should know what story she had told in order that what I should say would tally with it. She told me not to worry about that; she had given a good reason for my calls. I asked her if I was to see the person who had left word at my office for me to treat the young lady, and she said he was away and would be away several weeks.

By the time he returned I had made love to my patient, and she had responded favorably. Indeed, she sent me to him—a mere form, she said—he being her uncle, to ask for her hand. I did so, announcing myself as the physician he had asked to treat a member of his family.

"Well," he asked, "did you pull the wool over the old girl's eyes?"

I didn't understand what he meant by the "old" girl, but I replied that I had succeeded admirably. I went on, but when I said something about the young lady he interrupted me.

"Young lady be hanged! She's fifty-five."

It came out that the elderly woman was my intended patient. I had given myself away to her at my entrance, and she had taken me to see the young lady, asking her to act in her stead. The girl from pure mischief consented to do so, but there were two of us hoist by our own petard. The two older ones were brother and sister; the girl was their niece, an orphan and possessing a fortune.

I married her, and she preferred that I devote myself to taking care of her property rather than sending patients candied fruits.

Animal Vanity.

In a small town in Jersey there is a corner grocery where you may buy anything from a twenty foot ladder to a pearl necklace. Adhesive plaster, sauerkraut and toilet articles are also sold, and in case of necessity you may get a hair cut or a horse shod in the back yard. Some time since a farmer stopped in the store to get some horse liniment to rub the rheumatism out of a sick cow, and two or three days later he came back with a life sized kick.

"Look here, Abner," he complainingly remarked, "I wish ye would be a leetle might more keerful how ye throw yerself back o' thet counter. T'other day ye give me cologne instead o' hoss liniment, and gosh dast if I didn't put it on thet sick cow afore I found out what it was."

"It didn't hurt her any, did it?" broke in the groceryman.

"Can't say thet it did," answered the farmer, "but ever sence she has had thet sweet smellin' stuff on her she hain't done a derned thing but jes' look at her reflection in ther duck pond an' sigh."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Damascus, a Garden City.

Damascus is a garden city touched by the great desert. Under its roses one feels the sands. Beside its trembling waters one dreams of the trembling mirage. The cry of its muezzins seems to echo from its mosque towers to that most wonderful thing in nature which is "God without man." The breath of the wastes passes among the poplars as that Bedouin boy passed among the merchants when he came and when he went. In Damascus one hears the two voices. And when one looks from the sacred mountain upon that city of dream, cradled among the woods, one sees far off the tawny beginnings of that other magic which looks out from the Bedouin's eyes. And though perhaps with the pilgrims from Samarkand one loves to rest beside the fountains under the hedges of roses, one is aware of the other love, intercourse with which has made Damascus an earthly paradise for them and for you.—Robert Hichens in Century.

Handicapped.

Two old settlers sat smoking in their cabin far away in the backwoods. No woman's hand had ever desecrated that sanctum, and grime reigned supreme and triumphant. The conversation veered around from state politics to cooking.

"Ya-as," said the elder of the two, with a drawl, "I did get one o' them there cookbooks wunst, but I could never do nothin' with it."

"How was that?" inquired the other. "What was the hitch?"

"Waal," was the answer, "every one o' them receits begun in the same way with the same words. Every one o' 'em started off with 'take a clean dish,' and I never got no farther."

And he slowly replaced his old black clay pipe in his mouth and fell to ruminating sadly on the narrow outlook on the world of human beings as displayed by authors of cookery books.

Origin of Kilts.

It will doubtless surprise many Scotchmen to learn that the kilt as at present worn is only a modern fancy costume and is not of Scottish origin at all. The honor of its invention is due to two Englishmen—an army tailor who accompanied General Wade's forces to Scotland in 1719 and Thomas Rawlinson, overseer of some iron works in Glengarry's country. For more than a century previously, indeed, the tartan plaid had been the common garb of the highlanders, but it was all in one piece, wound in folds around the body, leaving the knees bare. Prior to the adoption of the tartan, which probably took place about the close of the fifteenth century, the long, loose saffron colored skirt, the real "garb of old Gaul," was the high land dress.—London Mail.

Gift to the Ugly Man.

The practice of making such gifts appears to have arisen in America and is nearly obsolete. It therefore seems to deserve a note. It goes back to Harvard college (now Harvard university) beyond 1794. In that year William Biglow was the recipient of the jackknife. In 1795 he handed it on to Charles Prentiss, with these lines:

Item: C. P. has my knife
During his natural college life.
That knife which ugliness inherits
And due to his superior merits,
And when from Harvard he shall steer
I order him to leave it here
That 't may from class to class descend
Till time and ugliness shall end.

—Notes and Queries.

Meaning of Cemetery.

It is not correct to say that "cemetery" means the "city of the dead." The word is from the Greek "koimeterion," meaning sleeping place, not the place of the dead. There is nothing in the etymology of the word to warrant us in thinking that it was originally intended to convey the idea that the departed were really dead any more than there is in the old Hebrew term for cemetery, "bethaim," the house of the living.—Exchange.

Their Advantages.

Blobbs—This musicale is a charity affair for the benefit of the poor. Slobbs—I don't see just where the poor come in. Blobbs—Well, they don't have to be present.—Philadelphia Record.

Deduction.

Scott—Is Jones married? Mott—I guess not. I never heard him blame his wife for anything.—Boston Transcript.

If a man look sharp and attentively he shall see fortune, for, though she is blind, she is not invisible.—Bacon.

WOMAN AND FASHION

The Taffeta Frock.

If you have a taffeta jumper frock, either black or colored, that has been cast aside as hopelessly out of date, make use of it as soon as you can. There is no use of laying taffeta away, as it cuts on every fold.

Naturally both the style and the material of this frock is out of style, but it can be combined with another material into a stylish and useful frock.

In this season it is possible to pick up voiles, supple cashmeres or other soft wool materials for little money. Get something to match closely the color of the silk.

Cut the skirt of the jumper frock into a deep yoke on the sides and long front panel. This should be corded or finished with soutache braid, and underneath should be put an accordion or side plaited skirt of voile or other woolen fabric. The rest of the skirt can be cut into narrow bands, which should be applied to the skirt before it is plaited.

Fill in the yoke part with the voile heavily embroidered with large design in soutache braid and black embroidery silk. Bring folds of the voile over the shoulders front and back in fichu effect, ending them above the waist line with a shield shaped piece of braided taffeta.

Cut the jumper sleeves into small, close fitting caps split up the middle and strapped across with bands of the silk. Underneath put sleeves of the voile, slightly puffed at elbow and crossed with stitched bands of the silk. Stitched bands of the taffeta can outline the top of voile collar.

Morning Frock of Gingham.

A little suggestion in the way of a practical morning dress for the woman who must be her own maid is given today. This little dress, while giving perfect freedom and being simplicity itself, is neat, trim and really pretty. It was made of striped gingham, the use of bias bands, thus causing the stripes to run diagonally, being

OF STRIPED GINGHAM.

the sole trimming. Two suspender pieces cut in this fashion cross the shoulders and are continued on either side of the front breadth of the skirt. Another outlines the lower edge of the yoke. This last is of white lawn, with collar of the same tucked and headed by a band of the striped material.

The Smart Spring Shoe.

In spring footwear there are many pretty models from which to choose. Pumps in every style and color, but on a broad, comfortable last, will again be the mode, and the summer promises still more models with a great license as to color.

Natural tan and also black calf boots, buttoned or laced, continue to be the chosen kind for tramping and morning use, while slippers for evening wear seem more beautiful and elaborate than ever before. For adornment buckles are in vogue, and these range from dainty metal ones to exquisite and costly jeweled ones.

For the evening a woman can have as many pairs of slippers as she has gowns, all to match in color and material.

They may be embroidered, beaded or even hand painted, no limit being on either their elaborateness or price. Where only one pair at a time may be possessed, black satin is always correct and exceedingly dainty.

New Kimono Sleeve.

The sleeves of the new kimonos and fluffy negligees are put in quite differently from the old time sleeve with its point hanging on the underside of arm from the elbow.

The new sleeve is a diamond shaped piece made very short and inserted in the armhole so that the point falls up on top of arm midway between the shoulders and the elbow.

As this gives less protection to the arm than the old cut, there is generally an undersleeve of lace, soft mull edged with ruffles of lace or of all over net.

This undersleeve is made either to gather into a band and form a loose puff or is a series of ruffles reaching to the elbow, loose, but not very full.

GLASS HOUSES.

The Many Advantages That Are Claimed For Them.

"Within ten years people in this country will be building houses of glass which will excel in sanitary appointments, beauty and durability and also low cost of maintenance any type of structure of the present time. In other words, the American people within ten years will be living in glass houses. They will thenceforth be unable to throw stones."

This was the interesting declaration made recently by Roger S. Pease, one of the oldest glassmakers in the United States, a man who has taken an active part in all the improvements that have set the glass world face to face with new conditions and placed it in line for the greatest development in its long history. By glass houses Mr. Pease said he meant just what he said—foundations of concrete, which are now recognized as standard; the walls of wired glass, the ceilings and roofs of wired glass and the floors of tile, covered with a light sheeting of wood. Such a building will prove practically indestructible, can be made of any set of colors desired and requires no painting, no papering inside, will be sound proof, moisture proof and fireproof.

Mr. Pease has planned a house that will be composed of glass and is going to have it finished in some color that will make it attractive, and such colors will be permanent.

The moment this idea is started, Mr. Pease declared, the public will be quick to see the value of the material. Its cheapness and reliability are understood. Glass, he said, is the most honest and most easily understood material in the world. It is not mysterious, and people will not have to employ experts to see that the quality is right. The glass for the walls of houses need not be transparent, but dense, like slate or stone. It will, however, be hard and durable. The roofs can be of the same character of glass. It withstands heat and cold alike, and whatever patents may interfere with the cheapness of the material now are so nearly expired that it will be but a short time before these will be eliminated as a cost factor.—Pittsburg Gazette-Times.

The Malay Shark.

The Malay shark, called the "ikan yu," is the one most dreaded by the natives. During the terrible disaster of the French steamer La Seyne from its collision with the British ship Onda in the strait of Rhio last November, many of the ninety passengers lost were, as soon as they reached the waters of the strait, seized by the sharks and dragged beneath the surface to be devoured by these fierce Malayan fish, which are especially feared by the native fishers and pearl divers. Seventeen species inhabit the far eastern seas, some of them attaining a length of twenty-five feet. It is reported that a black fin shark was captured some time ago whose liver weighed 250 pounds. The largest is the basking shark, which ranges from the Cape of Good Hope to Ceylon and often exceeds fifty feet in length.

A Cabinet Record.

Almost 300 men have served in presidential cabinets since the formation of the government, and of the whole number the record for long service is now held by James Wilson, secretary of agriculture. He achieved this distinction recently, when he passed the mark set by Albert Gallatin, who was secretary of the treasury from May 14, 1801, to Feb. 9, 1814, or twelve years, eight months and twenty-six days. The third in length of service is William Wirt, who was attorney general from 1817 to 1829, almost equaling Gallatin's record. Very few cabinet officers have served over eight years. Secretary Wilson was appointed by President McKinley March 4, 1897, and so at the beginning of 1910 he had been in the office twelve years, nine months and twenty-seven days.—Youth's Companion.

Petroleum Butter.

Petroleum has been introduced into medicine with beneficial results, and if a Paris contemporary be not misinformed the properties of petrol are limitless. It is claimed, says the London Globe, that from the residuals of crude petrol a chemist has succeeded in extracting butter. It is said that butter can be made from a base of nitrogen and carbon, but that the residuals of petroleum produce these elements in greater proportions even than milk. It is further claimed that this artificial butter is better than the natural. The color is said to be a little darker than that of dairy butter.

The Palace of Choragan.

The palace of Choragan, in Constantinople, recently destroyed by fire, was built by Sultan Abdul-Aziz and was the finest of the palaces on the Bosporus. It was constructed of marble, and the interior was remarkable for the beauty of the sculptured ornaments in marble and wood. For many years it was the home of the deposed sultan, Murad V., and was inaccessible to visitors. It was occupied by the Turkish parliament when that body was formed a little more than a year ago.

London Shop Windows.

American show window lighting is being introduced in London. It is customary in the English capital for shopkeepers to barricade every window with heavy iron shutters just as soon as the day's business is over. This is a relic of those ancient days when it was not safe to leave the shop unprotected, but the American plan of window displays and well lighted store fronts is being successfully introduced.